New-York Daily Tribune

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. January, 1859. Crosby, Nichols & Co.

The contents of this number consist chiefly of articles of literary and historical interest, with slight reference to controverted questions of politics or science. Discussing a variety of topics in a catholic tone, and a genial temper, it invites the lovers of literature to its well-stored pages. The first article is rich in antiquarian erudition, presenting many curious details on the customs of "Canonical Compurgation and the Wager of Battle." "Edmund Burke" is the subject of a biographical summary, in which the leading events of his political career are rapidly sketched, and a discriminating estimate presented of his character and position. The next article on "Thomas De Quincey" is less impartial, and exhibits, to our thinking, an excessive admiration of the erratic opium-eater. It is quite as extravagant to speak of his "*lucid* metaphysical *expositions*" as to assert that, "as a literary *artist*, he is without a rival." He can doubtless claim the merit of great ingenuity and a certain wire-drawn subtlety, but we should be puzzled to name the philosophical question on which he has cast any new light, or the production which is entitled to the praise of artistic symmetry and finish. Nor do we fully comprehend the position which is assigned to him "of a mind contemporary with the aboriginal secrets of nature." The description of De Quincey's personal habits is not without interest.

In person he is anything but prepossessing; being diminutive in stature, and awkward in his movements, with a shrivelled, yellow, parchment skin. His head, however, is superb, and his face remarkably sensitive and expressive; the eyes sunken, but brilliant with the fire of genius and the illuminations of opium. In manners he is a model of decorum, urbanity, and natural, unaffected gentility. He is a magnificent talker, and a fine reader; which last quality he notes as a rare accomplishment, whether among men or women. He is genial and hospitable in his household. He performs set tasks of walking, day by day, in his garden, and marks his progress by deposits of stones. He has offered his body, after death, to the surgeons, for dissection, as his contribution to physiological science. He seriously believes that the dreadful gnawing of the stomach, already alluded to, which arises, perhaps, from the collapse and impotency of that organ through the use of opium, is caused by the ravages of a living animal. He is singular in his habits, often disappears from his home for days together—no inquiry being made after him by his friends—and returns as mysteriously as he went. He has two daughters, one of whom is married to an officer in the Indian army; the other and eldest presides over the house, and acts as his amanuensis.

The article on Abelard is able and scholarly, showing a careful study of the period of mediæval history to which it relates. Of special antiquarian interest is the review of Pishey Thompson's "History of Boston," from which old English town the metropolis of New-England takes its name. Several striking coincidences between the phraseology of the venerable mother and her American daughter are pointed out by the reviewer as collected by Mr. Thompson.

In the glossary of provincialism, we find very many that are completely naturalized in and around our own Boston, thus indicating the large contributions to the early stock of our own population derived from our elder name-sister. We take the following—few from among many—in the order in which they meet our eye. "Apple-pie-order." "Argufy." "Bannisters—The rails or balustrade of a staircase." "Chokfull." "Chunky—Short; thick; clumsy in shape and person." "Crease—A mark made in paper by being folded, or in a garment by being sat upon." "Down in the mouth." "Father long-legs—The slender, long-legged crane-fly." "Good mind—A strong inclination to do anything." "Heft." "High time." "Hitch on." "Jabber." "Keeping-room." "Kindling—Materials for lighting a fire." "Mash-tub." "May-be." "Out-and-out." "Quality—Gentry." "Right up and down." "Scamp." "Stumpy." "Tip over." "Unlicked—Unpolished." "Water *bewitched*—Weak tea, punch, &c." "Wile away—To *wile away* the time; beguile it."

Among the proverbial sayings of old Boston, we recognize not a few which we had supposed indigenous to our own soil. Such are the following: "He's in the wrong box." "It rains cats and dogs." "I'll go through thick and thin for you." "As dead as a door-nail."

An elaborate paper is devoted to the subject of "Bible Revision," discussing with great temperance and candor the grounds of the current movement for that purpose. The series on "Contemporary French Literature," which we confess begins to grow somewhat tiresome, is continued, with critical remarks on Angier, Feydeau, Barbara, Gautier and Montegut. "White's Shakespeare" is commended in a tone which echoes the universal voice of Shakesperian scholars in the country. "Thompson's Life of Stoddard" is shown to be an interesting and valuable piece of biography. On the whole, the number well sustains the character of the journal for excellent scholarship and agreeable writing.

THE SCALPEL. January. Edited by E. H. Dixon. Sherman & Co.

Under the title of "Ten Years' Cruise in a Medical Cock-boat," the indomitable editor of this unique specimen of audacious journalism gives a chapter of his personal experience since the commencement of his periodical. It is just ten years since he started his uncertain venture, and with more or less success, he has fought it through from that time to the present. The character of the past ten volumes is naturally hit off in his own naive description. They contain "a great mass of didactic matter, a little common sense, and much absurdity," but must be read, if one "wishes to understand the laws which govern his body." The purpose and prospects of the work are explicitly enough set forth in a vein of harmless egotism.

We publish the Scalpel, as we stated in our prospectus, firstly, to enter our solemn protest against the monstrous dosing by ignorant and presumptuous men; secondly, to expose the hucksters of diplomas in our colleges to young men, whose proper position is some honest mechanical pursuit; thirdly, to instruct the people, expose the infernal abuses of the law and our every-day life, and to procure consulting and operating business. We are perfectly satisfied with the result, and have not the remotest intention of discontinuing it. It has procured for us as extensive a consulting business as we can conveniently attend to, from every part of the Union. Scarcely a day passes in which we are not called on to perform some surgical operation. Nevertheless, we take as much pleasure in preparing the journal as we did when first we commenced it. Our articles are more widely and extensively copied, both here and in Europe, than those of any other similar journal in the country, and our exchange list is continually increasing.

Dr. Dixon does not usually indulge in any superfluity of compliment toward his medical brethren, but the "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" has fairly taken him off his feet, and called forth a torrent of enthusiastic admiration. We must confess that we have often read more unsound criticism than the following, in spite of its oddity of expression:

What *pemican* is to confectionery, these papers are to the common run of magazine literature. They contain that rarest of all writing, the essence of thought. Dr. Holmes—no inconsiderable producer of gold-leaf up to the date of their publication—has, this time, chosen to present us with a solid ingot, which he might have beaten out into no end of lectures, essays, and "clever" magazine articles. It is refined and double-refined metal, wrought and polished to the last degree. Of course he has done well and wisely for himself in bringing it into market. His present position in public estimation is far higher than the one to which he had hitherto attained. We will not say he has culminated, for that implies reaching a meridian from which all progress must be downward, and, probably, contrary to general expectation, the "Professor" will prove himself as good a man as the "Autocrat," though scarcely better. Until the appearance of the first number of the Atlantic, the public, though alive to Dr. Holmes' claims as a poet, humorist, and lecturer, had not given him much credit as a deep thinker. It has now got his correct intellectual measure. He may have possessed precisely the same ability before the production of his book—though that is by no means certain—yet the world, after its just wont, never recognized the master-hand until he could show a piece of work challenging his best attention and sharpest judgment.

His subject, then, is, like Montaigne's, himself in particular and *things in general*. (Harvard, by the by, might emulate *Weissnichtwo* in establishing a professorship devoted to the latter study, bestowing upon Dr. Holmes a double office: he would undoubtedly fill it as well as did Teufelsdröck that of the German University.) These topics, including as they do the entire gamut of human thought, are descanted upon in that most delightful of forms—the purely conversational. Talk, our author accurately defines as one of the fine arts, and has evidently chosen it as the most felicitous medium for conveying what he wishes to say to us; its very similitude being perfected by a simple yet charmingly appropriate setting of circumstances. What he "has had long in his mind," he delivers to the world's every-day microcosm—a boarding-house—at the breakfast table of which meet some nine or ten persons, in themselves admirable representatives of the average intelligences encountered in daily life. None of them, except the "professional ruffian of the neighboring theater," (who utters only a hackneyed quotation and then disappears forever,) could perhaps be omitted. Of these equally subtle and kindly delineations of character we shall speak presently. They are not mere "buckets"—to use a simile of Caryle's—for the "Autocrat" to pump into.

The canvas being thus comprehensive, it is marvelous to find how much the artist has crowded into it. Eagerly and appreciatingly as we perused the pages during serial publication, only a careful survey of the book as a whole gave us a correct idea of its scope and—almost unity. Look over the nine paged index of the little volume, (reminding us, by the by, of that of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*,) and admire the variety of the dishes set before you—dishes so cunningly compounded, yet so healthful, that while the nicest appetite of "those who feed on the dainties that are bred in a book" is gratified, their intellectual and moral constitutions are strengthened by indulgence.

"Think of living" said Goethe. Whatever of life and its tremendous realities, Dr. Holmes, in his quadruple capacity of poet, thinker, anatomist, and lecturer, has garnered up—being "steeped in it as a sponge in water"—he offers to us. Self-knowledge, wit, wisdom, poetry, philosophy, humor, all are here, and—best of all—loving assertion of humanity everywhere.

The article contains much more in the same strain, and winds up with a wholly inimitable climax. "Dr. Holmes has written a book, a *real* book, worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Erasmus's 'Colloquies,' Luther's 'Table-Talk,' Burton's 'Anatomy,' and Southey's 'Doctor.' He is as candid as Montaigne, as kindly as Lamb, as witty as Sydney Smith, as much a lover of fun, though *not* as much of a poet, as Hood. We may say of his little volume as the Chourineur in Sue's "Mysteries of Paris" does of the 'Harlequin' placed before him at the Tapis-franc: '*Dieu et dieu!* what a dish! what a glorious dish! it is a regular omnibus: there is something in it to everybody's taste. Those who lik fat can have it; so can they who like lean; as well as those who prefer sugar, and those who choose pepper' Such books do more than amuse, they instruct and elevate humanity."

HYMNS OF THE AGES. With an Introduction by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, D. D. 8vo. pp. 301. Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The collection of sacred poetry presented in this volume is intended rather as a manual of devotional reading, than for choral use in the services of public worship. Aiming at the expression of univeral religious experience, the editors have not been restricted to a limited range of sources, but have sought their materials in the poetry of the ancient days of the church, as well as in the sacred lyrics of a more recent date. Copious selections have been made from the "Lyra Catholica," and the "Lyra Germanica," many of which will probably be new to most readers of the volume. Their character is described in a glowing passage from the preface by the Rev. Professor Huntington of Cambridge. "From the whole vast range of Christian thought, experience, and imagitation, therefore,—from the fresh melodies lifted in the morning air of Christian ages,—from that long line of consecrated and aspiring singers reaching back to the days of Constantine,—from among the lofty strains of Ambrose and Jerome and their strong fellow-believers, where the sanctity of centuries is so wrought, like an invisible aroma, into the very substance and structure of the verses, that it would seem as if some prophetic sense of their immortality had breathed in the men that wrote them,—from the secret cells and the high cathedral of the Continental worship, where scholarship, and art, and power joined with piety to raise the Lauds and Glorias, the Matins and Vespers, the Sequences and the Choral Harmonies of a gorgeously appointed Praise,—from the purer literature of Old England, embracing the tender and earnest numbers of Southwell, and Crashaw, and Habington, and a multitude better known beside,—these voices of Faith are reverently gathered into their perfect harmony."

—The volume is issued in a style of chaste beauty, and is well adapted to adorn the center-table.

COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSES. By James Johonnot. 8vo., pp. 220. Ivison & Phinney.

The inconveniences growing out of the absurd construction and arrangement of school-houses in many rural districts can scarcely be imagined by those who are familiar only with the costly and ample accommodations in our cities and large villages. Attention has, indeed, been called to the subject by the protests of eminent educators, like Mr. Horace Mann, and Mr. Henry Barnard, the valuable works of the last named gentleman on "School-House Architecture," presenting almost a complete epitome of all that was known concerning school-houses at the time of its publication. The purpose of Mr. Johonnot is to give a still more systematic exposition of the subject, and especially to apply the principles of common sense as well as of architectural science, to the construction of country school-houses. His description of the present condition of many of these time-honored institutions is not a little startling, but he suggests the remedy, in all cases, which will effectually meet the evil. His volume contains a clear exposition af the principles to be observed in school architecture, together with plans adapted to the demands of country districts, and all the details of building, estimates, bills of material and labor, and other points of importance to the direction of building committees. Copious illustrations are given from designs by a competent artist. The work commends itself to the attention of school districts by the completeness of its details, and its eminently practical character.

SOUTHERN EXPERIENCES.

To the Editor of The N. Y. Tribune.

Sir: I have been requested to give to the public some of my experiences in a trip made through the Southern States a year ago, in relation to the practical working of the "peculiar institution," and the moral tone of the community in those States, as affected by it. Without desire to injure the feelings of any one, or to contribute in the least degree to the deplorable sectional animosities, the fires of which have so long burned between the North and the South, I am willing to state what I there saw and heard, as simple facts that may contribute their mite to the general verdict.

One incident that I noticed exhibited a striking feature of the institution—the intolerance of the Slave Power.

It was a dark, storm-like Christmas morning, on which I left our national seat of government, and took passage on board the steamboat for Aquia Creek, en route for Richmond. The few passengers that had ventured to travel on that festive day, with such forbidding prospects for pleasure, were clustered around the stove of the saloon, warming their hands and feet, and indulging in silent cogitations—for it was not yet light, and only one dim, flickering lamp, by which it was impossible to read, illuminated the cabin. Among these passengers were two men, who, from their coal black hair, olive complexions, and sharp, delicate features, might have been taken for Italians if they had been met with in the south of Europe. They were each wrapped in ample circular cloaks, and their brows were shaded by black felt hats with enormous upturned brims. I soon found that this was the prevailing fashion of the South at that time. Near them sat a large, gentlemanly-looking individual, who, I was informed, was a Representative to Congress from Tennessee, and a fair Representative of his type, I have no doubt he was. Robust, broad-shouldered and good-natured, with just enough of the hauteur of the F. F. Vs. to convince you that he was a Southron, and yet wanting their chilling reserve; with a sandy complexion and blue eyes, he stood full six feet two in his boots—a full-grown specimen of a South-Western planter. There appeared to be traveling in company with him a slender man with sharp features and a restless expression, whom I took to be a lawyer or aspiring politician. These men were evidently all gentlemen, or at least considered themselves such. There were one or two others whom I did not notice, and a pair of German travelers who thought it not disreputable to carry a bottle of wine in the skirt pockets of each of their coats, the neck airing itself as unconcernedly as would a chicken in a coop. Beside these people there was a young married couple, with their first child and servant. The lady had great difficulty in coming to an understanding with the chambermaid, who insisted upon enforcing the rule of the boat, which was posted in large letters over the door of the ladies' saloon against allowing luggage to be placed in the berths, while the lady with equal pertinacity insisted upon bestowing her carpet-bags and baskets into one of them, only to be removed by the indefatigable maid, which always caused a high altercation and an appeal to the husband, who threatened to inform the captain against the woman, who did not care a whit, as she was a "free woman;" whereat the gentleman stormed and cursed all these "free niggers" between his teeth as he walked away.

Excepting this there was nothing to mar the quiet of our cogitations, until the entry of a couple of shivering urchins with newspapers under their arms crying, "Papers! have a paper, Sir?" as they approached each one of us. *The Union, Intelligencer, Richmond Whig, N. Y. Herald*, and one or two other Southern papers formed the bulk of their packages, and I took a copy of *The Union* to read when it should be daylight. After going the round of the saloon, one of them, who had the sagacity to take me for a Northern man, came back to me and said in an undertone, "I have The N. Y. Tribune; would you like to have a copy?" Of course I purchased it, and spreading it out endeavored to read by the flickering light the news from home. The boys crouched by the stove, and we all floated along together for some time.

Presently my friend the Congressman broke the stillness with, "Boy! come here!"—when one of the news-venders who had been addressed approached him. "What papers have you here?" "*Union, Tellincer, Herild*; have a copy, Sir?" "But what's this?" said the restless man, pulling out a paper from under the boy's arm. "The New-York Tribune." "Don't you know better than to sell that paper here?" The boy made no answer, but slid away, hastily wrapping up his budget, when he was stopped by one of the two in felt hats, who compelled him to show him all his papers. One copy of The Tribune was all the boy had left. "Take that paper and put it in the stove," said the man, "if you don't I'll cut the heart out of you!" The boy, not inclined to obey, was retreating to another part of the saloon, when the captain entered. "Captain," said he of the felt hat, "do you allow these boys to sell that paper here?" "I don't allow them to sell any paper here," was the reply, "they know they've no business in the saloon," and with that he took them by the backs of their necks and cuffed them out. The two German gentlemen opened their eyes in evident astonishment, and then opened their mouths and took a swig at their bottles. As daylight had now come, I continued to read my paper, keeping it spread out between me and my courteous traveling companions, whose looks I did not care to scan.

It was daylight, but a dark, gloomy morning, and the black, inky waters of the Potomac reflected the slaty hue of the snow-clouds which hung overhead. Breakfast over, I took a turn upon the upper deck to ventilate my lungs, and see what I could of the passing shores. "How long before we shall pass Mount Vernon?" I asked of the pilot. "We are coming up to it now," he said; "you will hear the bell toll as we pass." And, sure enough, in another minute the large bell of the boat struck a solemn note; and then another and another mournful stroke fell upon the thick air, which was now filled with snowflakes; and there, away to the starboard, over its once beautiful lawn, arose, plainly visible, the white portico of the favorite residence of the Father of his Country. The lawn, and garden planted by his care, the house which witnessed the quiet scenes of his private life and his peaceful passing away, the tomb near by which holds his venerated ashes—these we were now gliding by at gunshot distance. The two Germans and myself stood with heads uncovered as the bell continued to toll the mournful dirge of a nation's love and respect for that great Champion of Liberty, who had so deservedly won the hearts of his countrymen, and the admiration of a world. There was a significance to my ears in the sound of that tolling bell, which perhaps the bulk of the passengers who remained inside could not realize. "Gone--gone"—were the solemn words of the bell. Gone is that wisdom—gone is that virtue—gone is that philanthropy—gone—gone! Every day in the year that toll is repeated; every boat that passes up and down the broad Potomac, thus sadly rings the requiem of Liberty!

* * * * *

Further down in my journey, I found myself one evening preparing for a night ride in the cars from Wilmington—that little city among the pines and sand-hills, whose principal staples, according to the geography, are tar, pitch and turpentine, but which drives a brisk trade, as I now learned, in a certain species of cattle for the Southern market. The broad, beautiful rays of a bright, full moon fell upon the white sand along the track, on the banks, and all over the face of the country, reflecting a frosty, scintillating whiteness so much like snow that I found it difficult to convince myself that a light fall of snow had not covered the ground, though assured to the contrary by the brakeman.

I will not attempt to describe my fellow-passengers. The cars were packed with a miscellaneous mass of travelers—merchants who had been North buying goods, Congressmen and students going home for the holidays, emigrants going to Texas, and a large proportion of pleasure-seekers. I found but one seat unoccupied in the car when I entered, and that I soon had to share with a young man of genteel appearance, who made himself my companion without much ceremony. I should have been glad to have settled myself for a nap, but my neighbor was talkative and must be gratified with an auditor. He first asked me the usual questions in the South, viz: how far I was going; where I was from; when I left home; what was my object in traveling South, &c., which in that hospitable region are never deemed an impertinence, and no traveler from the North need ever expect to find himself exempt from. So closely are you sure to be questioned and cross questioned that you will find it as impossible to keep your own private business to yourself without telling lies as it is to select your own society. Neither the one nor the other will the South allow; from purely charitable and hospitable motives they will solace your loneliness with their cheerful companionship, and whether you will or not, you are compelled to strike hands in friendship with every jolly fellow who chooses to fall upon you. You will find yourself drinking an unaccountable number of "acquaintance makers," and "hand shakers," and "heart warmers," and you will suddenly find yourself possessed of an astonishing host of friends who are ready to "do anything in the world for you." But you must meet this open-hearted people with an open heart; you must make no reserve if you wish to get on smoothly with them; you must not attempt to choose your own company if you do not wish to insult their hospitality, which would take umbrage at your letting out a suspicion that anybody is not good enough society for you. Neither must you attempt to keep any secret: you must be open and frank with them, revealing to every one you meet your whole heart, else you will at once be treated as a spy traveling in an enemy's country, and the frowns and cold looks you will meet will be more terrible than a shot from one of those ugly revolvers that you see sticking out of every man's pocket. Having learned all this by experience, I was prepared for the infliction of a new friendship which I knew I must undergo, the moment the respectable-looking young gentleman took his seat beside me; and I knew that his questions were asked not so much from curiosity as from a desire thoroughly to introduce himself to me, which he did to perfection, with the utmost frankness giving me his whole history, and all the particulars of his private life, which, of course, were very interesting to me.

"You are from the North, are you? and going South; traveling for pleasure, are you, or on business?" I informed him that it was a little of both that brought me South. "That's right," said he, "I'm always glad to see Northerners come South, for by that means they get their eyes opened. The people in the North know nothing about us down here till they come and see for themselves. I think it would be the best thing the South could do if they would invite the whole North to come and see them, and even pay their traveling expenses; it would be money well invested. They would see how well we treat our niggers, and how much better off they are than the poor whites in the North, for you never hear of one of our niggers starving; and as for the flogging, they get no more than is good for them. You would soon see that the Abolitionists lie about us, and you would go home as strong Pro-Slavery men as ourselves. What part of the North are you from?"

I told I was from Pennsylvania.

"Pennsylvania, ah! How far from Philadelphia do you reside?"

It was no use! I had to acknowledge that I was from Philadelphia, and I knew that ere long the street and the number of my residence would be wormed out of me.

"Indeed! I've been in Philadelphia many times: its "a beautiful city. You know Mr. So-and-so, perhaps, "who lives in Philadelphia, and Mr. So-and so?" I did, and such and such places were very familiar to both of us. How fast was I being bound in the bonds of friendship! Mutual acquaintances; what a theme to talk about; why! we were like old friends at once.

At this stage of the proceedings, the merits of the contents of a certain little flask (which was produced from my friend's pocket), were brought under discussion. He called his fiery comforter corn whisky; said it was from the private stil of a gentleman whom he knew; a very superior article. After which my friend said it was no use trying to sleep here, for we should have to change cars about midnight, and we might as well make one nap of it. So I was in for a weary, three hours' ride with a garrulous companion; and, notwithstanding my sleepiness and fatigue, must remain awake to listen to him. Beside my weariness, this familiarity was doubly inconvenient to me, considering the nature of the business which brought me South (which was the purchase of two girls, the daughters of a respectable colored man, who had, by the most strenuous exertions, raised subscriptions for their ransom). I was not ashamed of my errand, believing it to be perfectly honorable, yet I knew that, should I reveal its object to everybody on my journey, I should probably be tarred and feathered for an Abolitionist long before I reached my destination in Alabama.

My friend revealed to me that he belonged to the legal profession; had been practicing over a year; described the kind of business he did, how it paid, and so forth. From that he went to his domestic relations; how he had recently been married to a young, beautiful and accomplished wife, and rich withal, being the daughter of Judge So-and-so; how much he loved her, and hated to part from her even for a short journey upon business; and this business was also explained; he was going into Georgia to make his annual arrangements for hiring some certain men and women, property of his. He then told how these people loved him, and how much confidence he could place in them to send them anywhere; and how talented they were; what each one of them could do, and what each one hired for. One was a black-smith, a good mechanic; one was foreman in a factory, a smart boy; one was hired to a planter, and his two women were at service in families. Here the pecuniary phase of the subject was brought up and triumphantly produced by my friend as a final and conclusive argument in favor of Slavery.

"The whole North," he said, "would go at the business of raising niggers at once, if they could only see how profitable it is. There are my five, that I have had over five years; they are worth $900 a year to me, and do not cost me a cent. All I have to do is to hire them for a year, and I never see them again till the next Christmas. My two women hire for $6 a month, except when they are pregnant, when they lose a month or two; but then the child more than pays for the lost time. One of them, Fanny, was just sixteen when I got her, and she had a boy child that Spring. That boy is now nearly five years old, and in fifteen years will be worth from $1,500 to $2,000. I am thus paid for the trouble of raising him about $100 a year; and I have no trouble either, for the mother takes care of him until he is old enough to hire, and then he will begin to bring me wages. She has had a child every Spring since, and now she sends me word not to hire her for May, for she expects to have another! That will be five in a little over five years, and in twenty-five years from this time, if they all live, which they are very likely to do, the youngest will be twenty years old, and, if a man, worth at least $1,500. There are now two boys and two girls, and they will be worth at least $5,000 in the aggregate at that time, to say nothing of the one that is coming. And the mother will not stop there; she will have a good many more. If she keeps on as she has done, and has as many boys as girls, she will bring me $20,000 worth of niggers before she stops. My other girl, Bet, has three children. So, you see, the girls are more profitable to us in the long run than the boys, though they do not bring such high prices. Fanny's two girls will be worth $2,000 when they are eighteen years old, but they will both be having children before that time. Bet's three boys are worth an average of $500 apiece to me now. So, you see, it's a money-making business. Why, our richest men have made their fortunes by it. There's old 'Squire Brown, who didn't use to be worth a red cent, and always was as poor as he could be, now lives in one of the biggest houses in Wilmington, keeps his carriage, and toddles off to the Springs every Summer; and when people wonder how he got rich so fast, he tells them they forget that his niggers increase as fast as other people's!"

Thus ran on my friend for some time, quoting instances of fortunes made in human flesh by persons whom he knew, and giving me all the details of the business; the speculations and calculations of profit and lose, showing how safe it was to invest money in, and what large returns were made from the business of raising niggers, as he called them. The reader may wonder how I sat so patiently while this gentleman crammed these loathsome particulars down my throat, morsel by morsel; but I had long before learned, by a more painful experience than this, to keep my tongue dumb while my flesh and blood would cry out, and only to groan in spirit at enormities which could not be altered by my feeble voice.

From negro breeding to rice planting, and from that to Christmas festivities, then going on, my friend's discourse progressed; and it was quite interesting to hear him describe the masquerading and license and tomfoolery which the negroes are encouraged, and applauded in by their masters and mistresses; parading, singing and dancing through the streets in ludicrous and hideous disguises, receiving from the spectators contributions in coin to be expended in drink. How the blacks do exactly as they please for one whole week, and even take liberties with impunity which would be considered impertinence and insolence during the rest of the year, and how they all look forward from one year to another for the approach of this carnival time. But, he informed me, even a great portion of the liberty of this week had been denied them recently, on account of the excitement after the last Presidential election, and in all cities of the South, excepting in Wilmington, the masquerading had been prohibited.

I grew sleepy when the subject of politics was broached, and my friend found it impossible to keep me awake while he denounced the "woolly horse" and the "Black Republicans" as the cause of such great disaster to the American party, which he said "was routed, horse, foot and dragoons" in North Carolina, a good Whig State; and I was quite mortified when I waked up to find that he was under the impression that I had voted for Fillmore!

After changing cars, I had a good nap till daylight, when I awaked in the midst of a great dismal gum-tree swamp of many miles in extent, in the very heart of South Carolina. It was all covered with the flood of the Wateree River, which was in a state of overflow, and which we crossed by a creaking wooden bridge, the railroad being laid upon tressle work for five or six miles through the swamp before reaching the river, and about as far after crossing it. We had hardly emerged from the swamp of the Wateree, when we plunged into that of the Congaree, a great, gloomy wilderness of muddy water, from which, as in the other swamp, rose up like goblins the giant, moss-covered trees. At sunrise we halted at Kingsville, a branch station of some importance, though consisting only of one house, a large frame hotel, situated in the midst of pine barrens and swamps. It was Sunday, and we had to lie by there until evening, so as not to violate the sanctity of the Sabbath by traveling; by which means the host of the house had the feeding at three meals of a large number of unwilling guests.

While sitting shivering at the breakfast table in this barn of a house, some remark was made about the inconvenience of this detention, when I thoughtlessly replied that I had not expected to find this close observance of the Sabbath in the South. To this my friend, the great man from Tennessee (who was still in our company, with his friend the restless man), answered with a sarcastic smile: "We understand the observance of the Sabbath quite as well in the South as in the North." "Yes, and a good deal better," said his restless friend, who seemed ready to eat me up at a mouthful—" a good deal better; we're not such canting hypocrites South as you Yankees are, where you stop the cars from running on Sundays and then preach Abolitionism and Woman's Rights, and Free-Love, and every other abomination. I'd like to catch some of those scamps down South, if we wouldn't teach them a practical lesson in piety, 'twould be because hemp was scarce." I replied as mildly as I could, while I passed him the omelet, that perhaps he did the North an injustice in attaching such sentiments as those to all its citizens. I had no doubt that some entertained the heresies he spoke of, but that a large proportion were free from the reproach of them. As to Free-Love, I said I had never heard of its being spoken of in any other way than condemnation; but I did not dare in the lion's den to beard him by expressing the mournful sorrow that I felt that more were not tainted with the reproach of Abolitionism. A fizzle went round the table at my expense, and I could see how easy it would be to explode a magazine; but I kept my sparks to myself, and changed the subject. How strange it was, I thought, as we conversed pleasantly over many other topics, that these men, so gentlemanly and so cordial when their powder was not ignited, should so forget what is due to the character of gentlemen as to violate all the courtesies of life and forfeit their boasted pretensions of chivalry and hospitality by heaping insult upon the head of an unprotected stranger in their midst. Yet this is Southern chivalry of the nineteenth century! A stranger must go through their land with a padlock upon his mouth, yet with his ears open. He must hear all their tiresome arguments in behalf of Slavery, so painfully fallacious to his ears, without the privilege of a reply, and even the most unjust aspersions against his own section without a chance to defend it. This is Southern liberty and hospitality!

The day hung heavily on our hands; and, though it was a beautiful, bright frosty morning, followed by a mild, Indian summer-like day, we could walk nowhere in safety but on the track of the railroad, for bamboo jungles and swamps extended in every direction. In one of my railroad walks I was accompanied by my friend of the night before, an old Quaker gentleman from Ohio, and a New-York merchant. My Wilmington friend drew from the Quaker his residence, and then attacked him thus: "So you are from that great Woolly-horse State. You are all Black Republicans there; you Quakers are all Abolitionists; if it hadn't been for such as you, Old Buck would never have been elected. If I had my way, I'd hang all you d——d Abolition Quakers!" These were his words, verbatim. The New-York man joined with the Southerner, but the Friend bore the insults of this hotspur with as much good humor as if they had been the highest compliments, and in fact he said he considered it an honor to have voted for Fremont; and he would not assume the contumely of his antagonist, but answered, in the mildest manner, that he and his friends had voted, according to their consciences, for a principle involving the best good of the whole country, believing that Slavery was wrong, and that every effort toward restraining it and promoting its gradual abolition was right; that Slavery only was sectional, and Freedom national. And thus he went on in an able and animated defense of his position, all the way along, till we came back to the hotel; and often during the day did I see him on the piazza, or in the dining-saloon, with a little crowd about him, engaged, good-humoredly on his part, in a discussion of the same topic, which called forth many a sneer and jibe. I was astonished at his daring, yet his gray hairs and his coat protected him from injury. His bearing was calm, dignified and determined; the discussion had been thrust upon him, and his conscience would not let him hold his peace. His opponent was chiefly the young lawyer, who dealt in arguments about the compromises of the Constitution, and always wound up with extravagant predictions respecting the perpetuity of Slavery, laughing to scorn the efforts of the Abolitionists, saying that it would some day be firmly established in all the States of this Union.

I have been particular in giving the conversation of this young man, yet his was not an isolated case, but a fair sample of the kind of talk you will meet with all over the South. A nice community they have there. In other countries communities are organized for the mutual protection, and the individual confidently reposes in the law for the protection of his rights and property. Here, however, it is different. They are altogether too good judges of right to wait for the slow processes of law, accordingly peace is preserved by every man being ready to shoot down his neighbor at the shortest notice; and thus all are kept in wholesome fear of each other, and find it necessary always to go armed. The clans of the Scottish Highlands never waged more bitter feuds than do the cliques and neighborhoods of South Carolina and Georgia to-day. No man, however influential his position, becoming obnoxious to some neighborhood spite, but is liable to be hunted out of his home by a series of petty outrages—the burning of his stables, the poisoning of his cattle, the blinding of his horses, and, finally, his own assassination, if he do not take warning and flee the country. This state of things, I was assured by many credible witnesses, is the condition of almost the whole South; and I heard casually, in conversations at different hotels in the country, of many instances confirming this deplorable picture. The keeper of a hotel and holder of the land-office in a county town in Alabama, a very intelligent and well-mannered man, assured me, though he was the most influential man in the place, and was not aware of any grudge existing against him, he never felt that his life was secure, but that he might be murdered any day. He always slept with his pistols under his pillow. A legal gentleman of Alabama, whose services were employed by me on this occasion, informed me that he had experienced a new sense of security when he arrived in Philadelphia, and could leave his pistols in his carpet-bag at his hotel.

When you go into a new place in one of the Southern States, you will seek the best hotel; but if the town be small your best hotel will be bad enough. Entering the bar or common room of the house you will register your name, and, while waiting for your room to be prepared, must sit down by the fire-place in a circle of individuals whom you would take for cut-throats at home, and endure the ordeal of the most withering eye-fire from a circular battery of as evil looking eyes as you ever beheld, while, one by one, your fierce-looking scrutinizers (great banditti-looking fellows in slouch hats and Mexican blankets, under which you know is a good armory of revolvers and bowie knives) step up to the desk, examine the register, and then reseat themselves with more terrible gaze than before. Your only hope in such a dilemma is to appear as careless and sociable as possible. This was my experience in almost every place where I stopped, but more especially in the little City of Rome, in Georgia, no bigger than many a first-class village in the North. It was a municipal election day when I arrived, consequently the crowd of loafers in the hotel was somewhat increased. Ordering a fire in my room, I had to wait, as usual, nearly an hour before it was ready, and in the mean time I had to make myself as comfortable as I could in the common room, filled with these very common-looking people, who immediately made me the subject of their undertone remarks, and the object of their surveillance; each new comer into the room would first cast a look at me and then walk up to the register, and examining for some minutes the only recent name recorded on its pages, would return toward the fire-place, spirting a great jet of tobacco juice over the heads of those sitting before it into the ashes on the hearth, and wedging himself into the circle, cast at me such a steady gaze as almost unnerved me, while I could only reply to his sturdy brutishness a polite "Good evening," and appear very much interested in the conversation which was going on, dropping an occasional remark to prove that I knew all about it, and even laughing at jokes the points of which I was not sufficiently "posted" in to enable me to see. A man had been slashed into mince meat at the polls that day, and I suddenly found the fire too warm for me as I heard the particulars coolly related by some who might have been participants in the fray; and I slipped away to my room with drops of cold perspiration on my forehead.

Away from these villainous village taverns you will find the country people—the poor white people in the mountainous districts—ignorant, but comparatively honest, simple-hearted and industrious; while in the lowlands, which constitute the great body of the country, you will find them as ignorant as the others, and lazy, idle and vicious in the last degree, being but little removed from barbarism. The land, excepting on the large plantations, is not cultivated, not even cleared—and how the people live, whose miserable pig-sty-looking huts are scattered about in the woods, is a mystery to their own neighbors. The plantations even are only cleared by the slovenly method of girdling, or cutting off a ring of the bark around the trunks of the trees, a foot or two above the ground, to prevent the sap from flowing. Consequently you see all over the country immense forests of dead trees, in all stages of decay—from those nearly killed, with all the branches and twigs upon them, to the fields of white, barkless, branchless trunks, which stand, slowly rotting away and ready to fall at the slightest breeze. This lazy and thriftless manner of clearing the land is spoken of as very advantageous to the soil, inasmuch as the juices of the rotting trees fertilize the land. A very capital manure to be sure, but how extravagant. You cannot but mourn for that noble timber, all doomed to destruction, every stick of which would be worth from $50 to $100 at any saw-mill in the country, to say nothing of wood enough to supply the whole Union for many years in fencing and fuel. In a few years those rich bottom-lands, with their stately live-oaks, white oaks, ash and hickory trees, larger than you can ever see at the North, will lie a barren, impoverished waste—the trees gone and the land wasted, as already lie the greater part of the boasted estates of Virginia and the Carolinas. "Does ther clar ther lawnd in ther "parts whar you come from, captain?" said one of the natives "to the manor born," on the Coosa River, in Alabama, one day, in answer to a remark of mine expressing surprise at their not cutting and selling their timber, in preference to this wholesale destruction of it; and he expressed much greater surprise in return, when informed that they did do so where I came from.

This man was a fair specimen of his kind. Long, lank and cadaverous, with a mop of wirey hair hanging about his ears and a sprinkling of beard, whose scantiness indicated the barreness of the soil it grew upon, sprouting from his chin; a low forehead and lantern jaws, which constantly wagged in the motion of chewing; a pair of stooping shoulders from which dangled two arms of about the thickness of broomsticks, proving, as conclusively as do the long nails of the Chinese lady, the habitual laziness of the wearer. A shirt or smock-frock of blue cotton cloth worn outwardly, and a pair of lose trousers of the same material, with a slouch hat and coarse boots, constituted the tout ensemble of this gentleman, not to mention the pipe and a heavy knife in a leather scabbard at his waist. He was no sort of a man, without his knife, to stand up in any regular knock-down fight, and any of the boys in one of our city gymnasiums could tumble him over the bank into the first ditch without the slightest difficulty.

It were endless to relate in this desultory manner, all that one may see in a tour through the South, illustrating the practical operation of their peculiar institution; how it saps the morals, enfeebles the constitutions and wastes the land, casting a blight everywhere over one of the fairest portions of God's creation. I have thus far confined my remarks almost entirely to my observations upon the rich and poor white people, and the land which they inhabit, leaving my readers to form their own conclusions in relation to the system, from its effects upon the people and their domain. Of the poor slave, the miserable hewer of wood and drawer of water, the scullion, laborer and drudge of the indolent white man, I have left myself no room to speak. The horrors which are wisely kept from view, the scenes behind the curtain, which a stranger is rarely permitted to see in a casual visit, are those which frequently come to light through the columns of the newspapers in the shape of fiendish outrages perpetrated by negroes against their masters, for God knows what heart-sickening atrocities are daily inflicted by them upon their slaves. All this, of which, to use an old proverb, we may judge by a little what a good deal means, the Southron imagines to be hidden from our sight, when he invites the Northerner to go South and see for himself "how well they treat "their niggers." A gentleman of large Southern experience said in my hearing one day, in reply to an argument like this from a young man, who had paid a flying visit South, and had, as usual, been feasted and flattered out of all ability to use his own eyes for seeing, "You need only to be in the South five minutes to see enough to convince you of the evils of slavery." And so need you, if you only go with your eyes open.

C.

ASSIGNMENTS TO DUTY OF ARMY OFFICERS.—The following assignments to duty have been ordered by the Secretary of War:

Major David Hunter, now at St. Louis, to return to Fort Leavenworth, on being relieved from his present duties.

Major L. J. Beale, now at San Antonio, Texas, to proceed via Washington, D. C., to St. Louis, to assume the duties of his department at that point.

Major James Longstreet to take post temporarily at Fort Leavenworth.

Major C. Graham, Topographical Engineers, is assigned to duty in the Department of Texas, to report to the Commandant of that Department with as little delay as possible.

Instead of proceeding to the headquarters of the Department of Oregon, as directed by special order of No. 143, Oct. 8, 1858, Brevet 2d Lieut. W. H. Echols, Topographical Engineers, will report for duty to the Commandant of the Department of Texas on or before the 15th prox. [Washington States, Jan. 10.

¶ *The Baltimore Clipper* says that a few evenings since, a police officer of that city saw two boys carrying a heavy trunk, and that on seeing him they dropped it and ran away. Supposing it to contain stolen property, he shouldered it and lugged it to the Police Office. The mysterious box was then opened, and found to contain the corpse of a large dog.

A bar-tender named Powell, apparently died at Chicago, on Sunday, Jan. 2, and after being laid out for a day in a cold room, the funeral was about to take place, when signs of animation were discovered, the body was placed in bed, and the man is now recovering rapidly.

A lawyer once jocosely asked a boarding-house keeper the following question: "Mr. —, if a man gives you $500 to keep for him, and he dies, what do you do? Do you pray for him?" "No, Sir," he replied, "I pray for another like him."